TREASURE ISLAND.

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

On that white Caribbean Key,
Uncharted, lost these hundred years,
Rests in the keeping of the sea
The secret of the buccaneers.

Tarnished and soiled with rust and mold,
Heap jeweled poignards, musketoons,
Silks, sacramental cups of gold,
Ingots and pesos and doubloons.

A fathom deep beneath the sand
The live gems, blood-stained, beam at burn,
And wait the lost adventurer's hand,
The midnight hail, the crew's return.

Remembering the torches' flare
When Blackbeard brought the chests ashore,
Landmarked the spot and sunk them there,
Beat back to sea—and comes no more.

Unless, maybe, at black of night,
Up from the phosphorescent sea
A phantom craft makes for the bight
And anchors off the ghostly Key.

And all the fierce dead fighting men
From deep-sea grave or gibbet-chain
Riot upon the beach again,
As when they bled the Spanish Main.

But when the dawn wind gives the sign
Back to the dark the shades retire,
Trailing along the shuddering brine
A wake of evanescent fire.

And silence on that haunted shore
Renews her endless reign alone,
Pulsed by the long tide's rising roar,
The surf's withdrawing monotone.

—Youth's Companion.

HER MOTHER'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

BY HONORA.

"MIRIAM," said Mrs. Oldfield, "there is just one more letter to write. I have left it till the last because it will let you into a family secret; a very happy one, dear."

The mother smiled fondly at the handsome daughter, who sat in a low chair at her side. The girl's face flushed, she bent her head over a notebook which lay in her lap, and turned a pencil nervously between her fingers. The soft autumn breeze from the open window blew her brown hair into tendrils, and it clustered softly about her white neck. The mother sat for a moment, watching a rosy flush ebb up to the white forehead.

"Is there no chance for Arthur, Miriam?" she asked gently.

The girl lifted her head with an haughty gesture—it was an odd movement which characterized her as a child. The mother had often laughed at it in the little girl; now the pose seemed to belong superbly to the tall, splendid woman. Miriam looked into the loving eyes bent upon her and shook her head with perfect decision. Mrs. Oldfield smiled.

"Well! to the letter, dear," she said. "Address it to Robinson W. Hawley, Esq., 242 St. James Building, New York."

Miriam's fingers moved quiveringly across the paper.

"My Dear Mr. Hawley."

Mrs. Oldfield paused and put her hand across her eyes as if she were thinking.

"This is not an easy letter to write, Miriam. It is hard to give away one of your own, no matter how much you trust a man."

The girl sat gazing into the sunshiny garden.

"It is just like one of mother's droll, original little tricks to break the news to me in this fashion," she thought. "Mother never does anything as one would expect her to." A smile hovered about her lips while she put into rapid shorthand characters her mother's dictation.

"I can assure you, my dear Mr. Hawley, of the complete surprise your letter brought to me. Of course, I say yes, since the happiness of one so near and so dear to me is bound up in such an answer. No one so well as I can tell you how wisely you have chosen a wife. The loss in our home of one who is so dearly loved I cannot yet realize, but I know that when I give to you my sister Elizabeth, I——"

Miriam dropped her pencil and gazed at her mother with a whitening face. She sprang suddenly to her feet. The notebook fell to the floor.

"Mother!" she cried, with a long, sobbing breath, "do you mean Elizabeth—our Elizabeth——?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Oldfield, "hadn't you guessed it?"

"My—aunt—Elizabeth?" The girl's question was a piteous whisper.

"My daughter!" cried the mother, "what is the matter?"

Miriam had sunk upon the low chair. The mother drew her gently to her arms as if she were a child again and caressed the ripping brown hair.

"Doesn't it make you happy, Miriam?" she asked. "I think it would, dear, if you knew him as well as we do."

"He is—he is not worthy of Aunt Elizabeth!" cried the girl passionately.

"Miriam, what do you know about Mr. Hawley? You have never met him."

"I know—but nobody is good enough for Aunt Elizabeth. Mother, please excuse your private secretary. I'm going for a tramp. I've got to be used to being left alone in the family."

Mrs. Oldfield sat gazing down the country road after the retreating figure of her daughter. Miriam was a creature of moods, occasionally thoughtful, but oftener merry and radiating sunshine. "Was it jealousy?" thought the mother wonderingly. Her sister, Elizabeth, who was only two years older than her own daughter, had come into her home at their mother's death and the children had grown up together with such a bond of affection as exists between few sisters. Mrs. Oldfield had rare wisdom in the training of children. In Elizabeth she found one temperament. The child cared for nothing but music. So every advantage had been given her. Her own daughter had shown such a wonderful love of housekeeping that in her training the mother carried out some thoroughly original ideas. As soon as the little girl learned to write intelligently she had proudly taken the place of her mother's private secretary. When invitations had to be sent out they were written in a big, bold, childish hand. The housekeeping accounts were balanced each week in the same unformed chirography, but with the neatness of an experienced bookkeeper. Social notes and family correspondence were frequently trusted to the enthusiastic little girl. Before she went into high school she had begun to make herself indispensable to her mother, from whom club circles and society exacted large dues. In school the girl added eagerly to her other studies a portion of a business education and a domestic science training. Her one thought was how to make herself as valuable as possible, her mother's private secretary. She had returned from her four years at college with a poise of manner and an executive ability in household and social affairs which astonished even the mother. Her nature was a large, generous, gracious one, and Mrs. Oldfield felt puzzled over the girl's strange outburst of feeling. She was sure she was too great-hearted for jealousy; it could not be that. It must be the thought of parting. She wished now that she had broken the news more tactfully. She had imagined Miriam would accept it with delight. She turned to her desk to write the letter to Mr. Hawley herself. She sighed while she folded the sheet and put it lingeringly in the envelope. It hurt her to think of the breaking up of the home circle and of Miriam's grief.

The girl returned from her tramp in time for luncheon. The bracing fall air and wind had blown a magnificent color into her cheeks and whipped the rebellious strands of her hair into clustering curls, but there was a new thoughtfulness and a shade of trouble about the glowing face which the mother felt rather than saw. She did not speak again of the prospective wedding, tactfully setting it aside for other topics. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Oldfield drove to the depot to meet her young sister, who was returning from a few days' visit in Boston.

"Do not speak to Miriam of the engagement," said Mrs. Oldfield, while the horse jogged leisurely homeward.

"Why?" asked Elizabeth, with surprise.

"She feels the breaking of sisterly ties far more than I had any idea she would. I have seldom seen her give way so completely as she did to-day. Let her come to you to talk it over when she feels like it."

That night Miriam came. Elizabeth sat curled up in a big chair before a crackling wood fire. She was a luxurious creature, who loved warmth and color and beauty. She had tossed a few sticks of driftwood among the glowing embers. Long tongues of blue and green flame shot up like a weird illumination. Miriam drew a low chair in front of the hearth and wrapped her arms about her knees. It was another childish pose which had clung to her. Elizabeth smiled when she noticed it.

"I suppose you are very happy, Elizabeth?" said the girl slowly, "and I ought to say all sorts of lovely things to make you—happier. That is the custom, is it not?"

"Yes, only I want you to feel your congratulations, Miriam. You will, I think, when you come to know Robin—as well as I do."

"Tell me all about it—where you met him, when you were engaged and—everything."

Elizabeth smiled happily.

"I met Rob two years ago in Switzerland, when your mother and I were coaching with the Hamiltons. I went back to my studies in Paris. We corresponded in a friendly sort of way until last spring. One afternoon when I left Marchesi's he was waiting for me on the sidewalk. I had fancied him in America; I could not believe for a minute it was Robin. That evening he asked me to marry him. We agreed to keep it a secret. He is associated in business with an old uncle who does not want him to marry, and I——" Elizabeth laughed blithely—"well, I had talked so idiotically for years about being wedded to my art that I—well, I did not feel like announcing our engagement immediately. I did not tell even sister Anna."

"When did Mr. Hawley go to Paris?" asked Miriam slowly.

"Early in April," said Elizabeth.

"It was in March, wasn't it, that the papers told of your inheriting Grandmother Weirs's fortune?"

"Shame on you, Miriam!" cried the elder girl, angrily. She jumped from the chair and drew herself to a full, slender height.

"Elizabeth, do not be angry!" pleaded her niece. "I want to be quite sure the man who takes you away from our home is worthy of you."

"He is," said Elizabeth decidedly. "My money does not come into Rob's consideration. He will be a wealthy man himself at his uncle's death. There is no need for him to marry a rich wife."

"Forgive me!" pleaded the girl by her side. She laid Elizabeth's white hand against her cheek and patted it gently.

"I'm forgiven, am I not?"

"You're an uncomfortably exacting person," cried Elizabeth; "besides, it is so unflattering, you know; don't you imagine a man could find something about myself to love as well as my money?"

"Yes," replied Miriam decisively, "there is so much about you to love that I should wish him to quite forget the money."

"Rob does," said Elizabeth.

"I want to tell you something of a little romance of my own."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Is it Arthur?"

"It is not Arthur," said the younger girl resolutely. "I do not think it ever will be Arthur. It was—somebody else—years ago."

"How many years ago?" Elizabeth laughed gaily.

"Years and years and years ago, it seems to me." Miriam spoke in a low voice. "I was very young then and very credulous and very unwise. The year mother took you to Europe, when I was a junior at college, I was left, you remember, at Uncle Sperry's. At a picnic one day I met a young man from Boston. He was handsome and fascinating and—different from anyone I had ever known. I thought it was romantic to have a secret. We got engaged. I had only seen him twice since that time—when I have been at Uncle Sperry's. We have corresponded regularly. I had a letter from him two days ago. He said he was coming to see my mother next week. I was so happy. Then—yesterday mother dictated a letter to me—for him. At first I thought it was her droll way of doing things, giving us lovely surprises as she sometimes does. Then——"

Elizabeth had risen to her feet again. She was looking down with frightened wide-open eyes at her niece.

"Who was he?" she asked in a whisper.

Miriam put her hand to her throat. She drew out a slender chain and slipped from it a gold locket. She opened it and handed it to Elizabeth.

"Robin!" cried the girl in a choking voice. Then she sank back in the chair and covered her face with her hands. The locket tinkled to the floor. Miriam stooped and picked it up, then she tossed it into a little cave of red embers. Around it the blue and green flames of the driftwood leaped gleefully.

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Last June I was a guest at a beautiful church wedding. I arrived early. There was a long wait in the flower-adorned church. I could not help hearing a conversation close to my ear.

"Miriam ought to be one of the most beautiful brides who ever entered this church," said one woman.

"And one of the happiest. Still, I never fancied she would marry Arthur Rutledge. He simply waited devotedly, determined she would marry him."

"She loves him to-day, I believe, as he does her. She will make a remarkably good wife, her mother has given her such a splendid training. She ought to be a power socially in Albany, where Arthur goes to the Senate this fall. There is nothing in the way of home affairs that Miriam is not thoroughly familiar with. She has a way with servants that makes them adore her. I once had a girl from the Oldfield house who quoted Miss Miriam to me constantly. She has all sorts of traits that make servants love her. She is considerate of their comfort, and always looking out to give them a bit of pleasure or an outing when she can, yet I think from something this Ellen of mine once said, half their respect and adoration of Miriam is because she knows as well or better than even her servants do how every kind of work should be done; that, I suppose, came from the training she took in domestic science."

"Yes, and partly from her mother's fine common-sense upbringing."

"That's true. What a different future Miriam has from her pretty little aunt, Mrs. Hawley. You never knew her, did you?"

"No."

"She was a little beauty, and had a magnificent voice which she had cultivated in Paris, and her grandmother left her a fortune. Mr. Hawley—the New York man she married—spent her fortune and then treated her badly. She left him and went on the concert stage. Last winter her singing made a sensation in the West. She is——"

"Sh-h-h-h! the bridal party is coming!"—Good Housekeeping.

Net Weight.

A story that might be true of purchasing agents in more than one city is told by the Brooklyn Eagle. One need not question its verity too closely, for it has enough of humor to make it worth retelling.

A physician on the city health commission ordered five pounds of sponges. In the course of time he received two sponges that together weighed less than a pound. Later he received a voucher for him to sign in order that the contractor might get his pay from the city. The physician refused to sign it.

"Why won't you sign?" asked the contractor.

"Because the order calls for five pounds, and the sponges you sent me don't weigh more than five ounces."

"Nonsense, man! I weighed them myself."

"So did I. If you don't believe my figures, there are the sponges. Weigh them yourself."

"What!" cried the contractor, looking at the shrunken sponges. "You don't mean to say you weighed them dry!"

A woman's negative is usually positive.

THE BAG HABIT NOW.

Dangle From Both the Belt and Wrist and Large Ones Carried.

The bag habit used to be a special characteristic of Bostonian femininity, and the ugly but serviceable little composition of cloth and leather that could stretch to hold all sorts of previous small belongings from a volume of Ibsen to a safety hairpin was celebrated as the Boston bag from Maine to California. To-day the bag habit has seized on womankind and spread like an epidemic. No shopper, or caller, or traveler of the petticoat persuasion feels able to venture beyond the shelter of her own home unless a bag is hung to her belt or swings from her fingers, and nine-tenths of the feminine population wear two bags at a time and comfortably boasts of possession of half a dozen others at home.

To enumerate a few of the variously shaped reticules so essential to womanly convenience is to mention at least the side bag, carriage bag, railway bag, wrist bag, handkerchief bag, theatre bag, and shopping bag. These are made of everything, from alligator skin, with pewter mounts, to the finest gold wire network, in the mesh of which dozens of tiny diamonds or turquoise beads are meshed. These last are so very delicate and so very costly that they will only carry the owner's cobweb pocket handkerchief, while their price, if both metal and stones are real, mounts justifiably into the thousands. The bag, however, in which the majority find the greatest joy and convenience, is the stout, capacious safety shopping bag of glazed baby alligator skin, lined with suede, fastened not only with a snap lock, but satchel clips on the side, and adjusted by strap and buckle to one of its outer sides, is an ample purse with change and bill pockets.

Within the bag is divided, along its leathern walls, in flat compartments for samples, hairpins, cards, fountain pen, pencil, shopping list, mirror, comb and smelling salts. The centre of the bag is left free to hold parcels, and as the bottom of the bag pulls out like a bellows a most amazing number of small things can be cramped in without overtaxing its capacity. This sort of bag can be bought, all fitted, or the purchaser can put her own things into its compartments, though the manufacturer, with great forethought, mounts the bag itself, the tiny mirror, comb, pen, pen and salts bottle in aluminum.

Silver and gold and gun metal side bags have not had their popularity injured in the least by the appearance of the exquisite brocaded satin and beaded silk side bags, mounted with metal, tops and chains; and the wrist bag is in as high favor as ever. The excessively smart wrist bag is made no longer of suede, but of sweet morocco, perfumed Russia leather, or velvet calfskin. If you want to pay the top price for a wrist bag, ask for an imported one of sea cow skin, mounted in gun metal and powdered with diamond sparks.

Women who mislay their purses and suffer from that gentlest form of aberration called absence of mind are adopting joyfully the English expedient of having their bags chained to their wrists. At the shop where fine leather goods are sold broad lizard skin, morocco or Russia leather bracelets are brought to buckle or lock on the left wrist. From the bracelet depends a short silver or gun metal chain, that can be adjusted to any bag, and which effectually prevents any tricks of errant memory, or of pickpockets and shoplifters. The leather bracelets are made to hold watches, but the most fashionable ones merely show the owner's initials burnt or carved on the skin, and the same lettering is repeated on the bag that the chain and bracelet effectually guard.—Washington Star.

In Dressing the Hair.

Never in the history of fashion has there been so much allowance made for individual styles as now. In other eras all women wore their gowns made in exactly the same way and dressed the hair in precisely the same mode. Now, one may see in any gathering of fashionable people a score of different styles in dress and coiffure.

This is especially to be noticed in the coiffure, as in that detail even more latitude is allowed for indiciduality than in costume. The leading hairdressers say that this is largely due to the great improvements made during late years, in the preparation of "additional" hair. ("False hair" and "switches," be it noted, are no longer recognized in polite circles. They are "additional" hair and "knots.")

The new methods of preparing hair for sale have removed the objections that so long have deterred fastidious women from using any but their own, and now few and far between are they who do not supplement nature with deft touches of art in this respect.

The old fashioned "switch," with its thick "stem," four ior five inches long, in which were fastened hairs of varying length, usually straight and coarse, has been replaced by the knot. This is made of soft, fine, wavy hair, of equal length, fastened at the upper end to a small loop, which is caught in with that on the head. The growing hair is waved lightly, and the two are twisted into a soft, full knot or series of loops, so that there is no hint of purchased luxuriance.

If nature has been more than usually niggardly, one may cover the entire chevelure with a skilful arrangement front and back that is so perfectly made as to defy detection. That these are costly in a high degree is not strange when the amount of trouble involved in making is considered. The net which serves as a foundation is made of the finest white hair, and a single hair is caught in every mesh. The process is long and tedious, and demands the utmost delicacy of touch in the operator. The net and hair are all imported, mostly from France, and are converted by the American hairdressers into the graceful and becoming coiffures that are shown on waxen heads in fashionable shop windows.—New York Tribune.

Frill Fancies.

The new misty greyish-blue is called zenith, possibly because it is the color of the heavens when the mid-day sun of a hot summer's day gives a hazy atmosphere to the sky. It is a shade which is becoming to blonde and brunette alike. Delicate reseda, pale heliotrope, champignon and silver gray are also favorites.

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The newest lace mittens have their owner's initials executed in a high decorative woven design upon the back of the hand. They are liked because they display the profusion of rings with which some women now load their fingers.

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Cromwell shoes, with large buckles, are introduced again for walking, and for the full dress toilette satin shoes, with lace inlays, touched with jewels, are sold.

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Point d-esprit, with pleated ends of plain lawn, edged with narrow, old-fashioned flounces, is wound round the throat, and plain lawn has baby ribbon threaded through it, to make it serviceable.

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Most of the new shirts of batiste and lawn are left without neckbands, so that deep Puritan collars of stiffened lawn can be worn with them, or the still more alluring soft cambric ones of great depth with hand-wrought embroidery at the edges.

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A dandified stock for the manly girl is formed of a broad width of black satin twice wound round the throat, the square ends being fixed in front with an ornamental pin, or two pins with a jeweled head attached by a fine gold chain.

The Kaiser's Little Daughter.

It is whispered in Berlin that the real ruler of the imperial family is the Kaiser's little daughter, Princess Victoria Louise. Her father adores her and she keeps her brothers in great order, says Home Notes. One day the Emperor was discussing his small daughter with one of his sisters, and said: "When she is talking to me she sometimes forgets that I am the Emperor, but she is never oblivious of the fact that she is His Imperial Majesty's daughter." Her Imperial Highness, who is now ten years old, is not exactly a pretty child, but she has a bright, expressive little face, and she has inherited the physical courage characteristic of her race.

Silk petticoats with polka dot designs and finished with medium width accordion pleated ruffles are new and pretty.

A new summer textile seen in Paris recently consisted of a batiste de soie, which is a variation of the mousseline, with a velvet stripe effect.

The newest buckles resemble a bat, oxidized, silver or gilt, with wings outspread. The velvet or satin ribbon is passed through and across the centre of the body.

Hand-worked white linen, showing designs of perforated English embroidery and medallions in solid stitching, is one of the most effective of the new embroideries.

Small turnover collars, in pastel shades of pink, blue and other popular colors, receive a Persian finish by designs embroidered in quiet tones of cotton, or even silk.

The conventional tie, with laces that were forever becoming untied, has given place to a low shoe with high heels and high, flaring leather tongue, finished with a large brass or steel buckle. These shapes are meant for street wear.

With a long red child's coat buttoned with two rows of white pearl buttons is worn an effective collar of Irish lace. It is made of the all-over lace and finished on the edge with red and white linen, put on in bands, the red and white alternating.

A couple of other little stocks which are simple and dainty are made one of narrow pink-striped lawn and the other of dimity, with a tiny hair line of black and small circles. Both of these are made with top collars, and rather narrow ends, which tie in small bows.

Pleated jackets and sleeves are to be seen in the black silk short outer garments for women. The whole of the jacket is made of wide pleats, and the sleeve is the same, opening in a full bell at the wrist. Some of these jackets are very short, cutting up in the centre of both front and back, until they are not much more than apologies for garments.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

PRESERVING FRUIT.

The Best Sizes to Select and High Flavor Needed.

Fruit of medium size and high flavor is best for canning. It should be fully ripe, but firm and free from bruises or rotten specks. Clingstone peaches are much the best. Choose fruit from the nearest orchards—that which has been shipped a long distance seldom pays for canning. This is particularly true of pears, which are almost flavorless unless ripened on the tree. Fruit must be picked just as it begins to turn for long-distance shipping, hence is always more or less insipid.

Wash and drain the fruit before beginning to pare it, if it is the least bit dusty or sticky. Pare as thin as possible—the finest fruit flavor lurks next the skin. Drop peaches fast as peeled into a deep jar full of clear lime water. This prevents their turning brown and in a measure hardens them. Leave them whole unless too big to go in the can. In that case, halve, leaving the pit in one half. When all are peeled, drain off the lime water, cover with fresh water, rinse well and weigh. Take half the weight of pared fruit in granulated sugar, put it over the fire in a preserving kettle, with half a pint of ginger tea, and the juice of a lemon to each pound, prepared as follows: Pare off the yellow lemon rind before squeezing, and put it with the fruit. Make the ginger tea by bruising half an ounce of ginger for each pint wanted, covering it with boiling water and letting it stand for fifteen minutes before straining.

Boil the syrup five minutes, skimming it well at least twice, and when it boils hard, drop in all the peaches it will cover. Leave them in until the kettle again strikes a boil, then skim out with a perforated skimmer and put into hot glass jars. Set the jars where they will keep hot until all the fruit has been in the syrup. Add a pint of fresh syrup for each half gallon already used. Bring it to a quick boil, skim thoroughly, and fill the cans with it boiling hot. Scatter the lemon peel well through the fruit as it is put into the jars. Seal after filling, and stand where the cooling will be gradual.—Washington Star.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

Two bundles of asparagus, one quart of white stock or water, one pint of milk, one of cream, if stock is used, but if water, use all cream. Three tablespoonfuls of butter, three of flour, one onion, salt and pepper. Cut the tops from one bunch of asparagus and cook them twenty minutes in salted water to cover. The remainder of the asparagus cook twenty minutes in the quart of stock or water. Cut the onion in thin slices and fry in the butter ten minutes, being careful not to burn; then add the asparagus that has been boiled in the stock; cook five minutes, stirring constantly, then add flour and cook five minutes longer. Turn this mixture into the boiling stock and boil gently twenty minutes. Rub through a sieve, add the milk and cream which has just come to a boil, and also the asparagus tips. Season with salt and pepper and serve.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

A tablespoonful of sugar added to milk that is to be boiled for custard or sauce lessens the danger of the liquid burning.

To blanch a few almonds and put them into soft gingerbread just before putting it into the oven makes the cake more tasty.

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

Inexpensive jute tapestries may be had in strong, rich colorings that make very desirable summer hangings; the blue and the green are especially good.

Kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

The best way to take grease spots out of carpets is to mix a little soap into a gallon of warm water, then add half an ounce of borax; wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the grease or dirty spot will disappear.

Black lace may be washed in warm water, to which a little borax has been added in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint. This lace should never be dried by the fire, as it will turn rusty. To sponge it use an old black kid glove.

All canned vegetables should be opened and set aside, if possible out of doors, for some time, perhaps half an hour, before using. Thus the oxygen, removed in the process of canning, is restored to them, and with it much of the fresh taste.

Beeswax and salt will make your rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.